

MARVEL<sup>®</sup>  
COMICS



JUL  
#377



# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

FLYING BLIND  
PART 2

LOBDELL  
MORGAN  
HANNA

WWW.MARVEL.COM

ALL-OUT CHAOS  
IN THE  
STREETS  
OF FRANCE!





A **MOMENT** AGO, A CAREFULLY  
DETONATED **EXPLOSION** PLUNGED  
Dr. CLAUDIA DuBOIS'S APARTMENT  
INTO **TOTAL DARKNESS**.

WHETHER IT WAS DONE  
BECAUSE SOMEONE IS  
AFTER **HER** -- AN EMERGENCY  
ROOM DOCTOR WHOSE  
COMPASSION MAY OUTWEIGH  
HER COMMON SENSE...

... OR BECAUSE THEY'RE  
AFTER **ME**, AN AMNESIAC  
WITH **HYPERACTIVE SENSES** --  
IS STILL **OPEN** FOR **DEBATE**.

BUT DON'T  
EXPECT ANY  
**IMMEDIATE**  
ANSWERS.

**I'M** STILL TRYING  
TO FIGURE OUT HOW  
I TOOK OUT A **TRIO**  
OF **NINJAS** WITHOUT  
EVEN **THINKING**  
ABOUT IT!

LAURENT...  
I CAN'T SEE  
A **THING** IN  
HERE!

ACTUALLY,  
CLAUDIA...



THE MAN  
Stan Lee  
PRESENTS  
WITHOUT FEAR

# FLYING

SCOTT  
LOBDELL  
WRITER

TOM  
MORGAN  
PENCILER

SCOTT  
HANNA  
INKER

CHRISTIE  
SCHEELE  
COLORS

... GIVEN THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES,  
THAT MIGHT BE A  
GOOD THING.

YOU  
ALMOST  
SOUND LIKE  
YOU'RE  
ENJOYING  
THIS.

I...  
ALMOST  
AM.

FOR *SOME*  
REASON, I'M  
*NOT* SCARED.  
AT ALL.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE  
I FEEL I HAVE *SOME*  
KIND OF *ADVANTAGE*  
OVER THEM.

EVEN *OUTNUMBERED*  
BY... BY A *LOT*... IT IS  
ALMOST AS IF I CAN  
*SENSE EVERY SINGLE*  
*ONE* OF THEM.

*MORE* THAN SENSE --  
LIKE MY MIND WAS  
PICKING UP SOME SORT  
OF *RADAR SIGNALS* --  
IT'S MORE LIKE *ALL* OF  
MY SENSES ARE WORKING  
IN *PERFECT UNISON*.

I CAN *SMELL* THE CLOTHING --  
SENSING WHICH PARTS OF THEIR  
BODIES ARE *RESTRICTED* OR  
*CONFINED* AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

I CAN *TASTE* THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN THE *WOOD NUNCHUKS*  
AND THE *METAL SHURIKEN* IN THE AIR.

I CAN *FEEL* THE *HEAT*  
FROM THEIR BODIES,  
TELLING ME *WHO* IS  
*STANDING* WHERE...

... WHILE THE *SOUND*  
OF THEIR *HEARTBEATS*  
INDICATES WHO PLANS  
TO STRIKE *FIRST*, AND  
WHO IS CONTENT TO  
WAIT FOR THE *SECOND*  
*WAVE* ASSAULT.

*TOGETHER*, ALL  
MY SENSES ARE  
LIKE SOME *BRASH*,  
*BEAUTIFUL*  
*SYMPHONY* --

-- AND I'M THE  
*CONDUCTOR*.

RS & COMICRAFT'S  
LIZ AGRAPHOTIS  
LETTERS

TIM TUOHY  
EDITOR BOB  
HARRAS  
CHIEF

# BLIND

2 OF 4









YOU'RE  
DOING THIS  
WITH YOUR EYES  
CLOSED?!

Shhhh...

... I'M  
CONCENTRATING.

THUMP



YOU REALIZE  
THAT WAS  
IMPOSSIBLE?

APPARENTLY  
NOT.

BUT  
THIS...?













YOU CAN **RELAX** NOW, THEY'RE **ALL GONE**.

AND MAYBE YOU CAN TAKE A **MINUTE** TO TELL ME **EXACTLY** WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

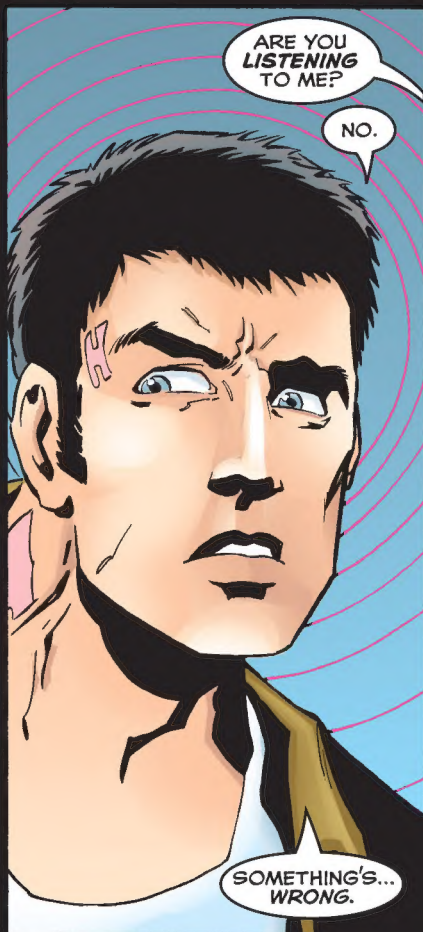
PARIS IS A **SMALL ENOUGH** CITY THAT WE'D ALL HAVE **HEARD** ABOUT A SUPER HERO LIKE YOU BEFORE NOW.

"SUPER HERO?"

LAURENT, PLEASE.

YOU TOOK OUT NEARLY **TWO DOZEN NINJAS**-- WITH YOUR EYES **COMPLETELY SHUT**.

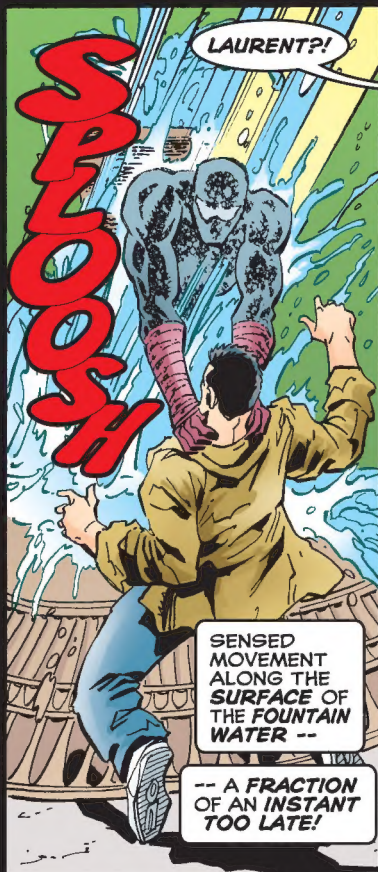
NOT EXACTLY SOMETHING YOU PICK UP WATCHING **JACKIE CHAN** MOVIES.



ARE YOU **LISTENING** TO ME?

NO.

SOMETHING'S... **WRONG**.



LAURENT?!

SENSED MOVEMENT ALONG THE **SURFACE** OF THE **FOUNTAIN WATER** --

-- A **FRACTION** OF AN **INSTANT** TOO LATE!

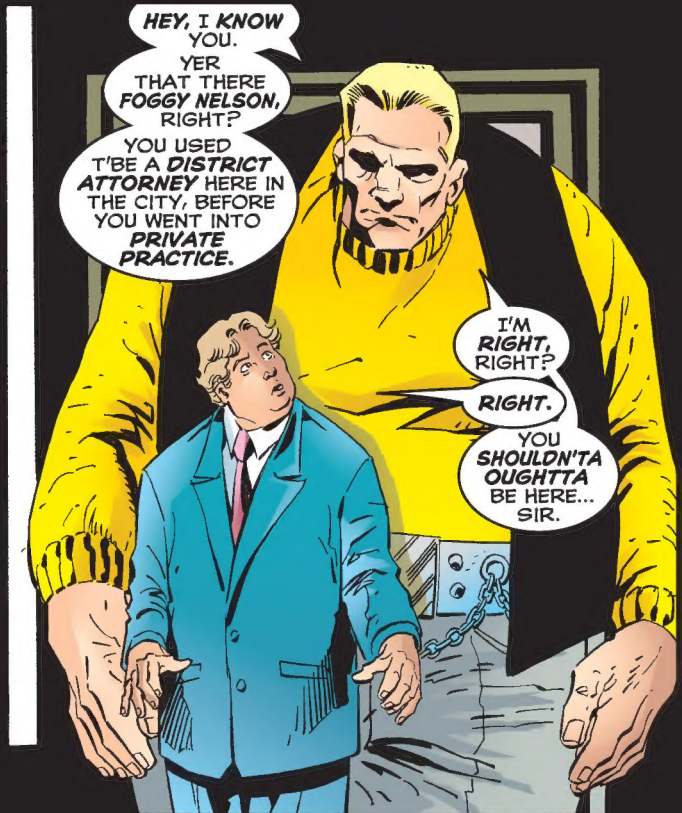
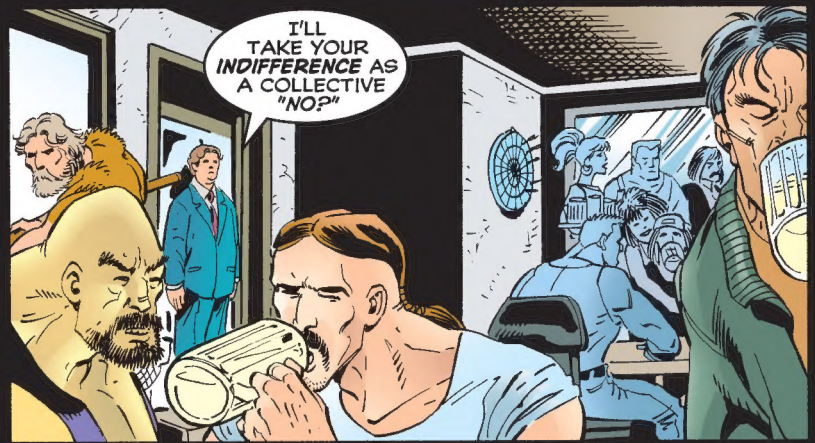
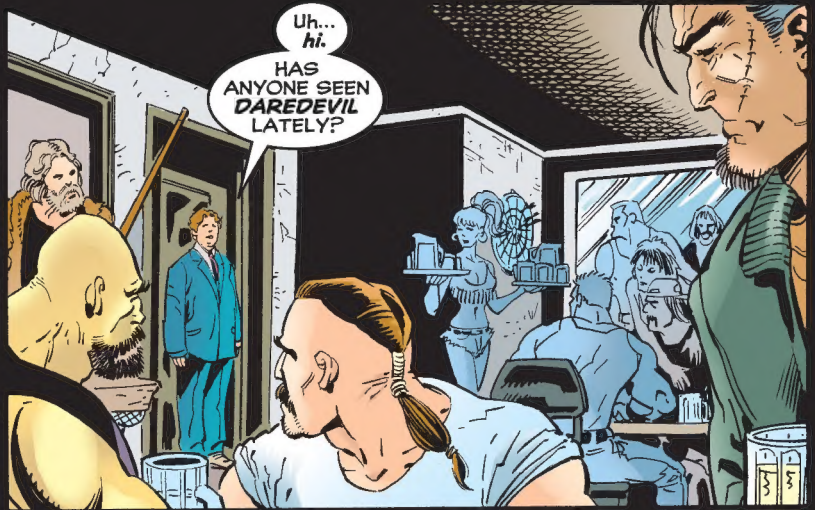
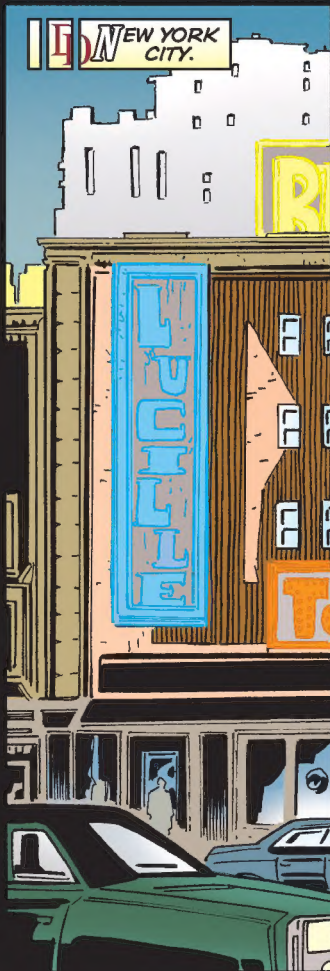


THE LAST **COHERENT** THOUGHT IN MY HEAD --

-- JUST BEFORE I PASS OUT BENEATH A SEA OF **FISTS** AND **FEET**?

HOW CAN I DO THAT?







MY  
NAME'S **MOXY**  
**CAMBRIDGE.**

A FEW YEARS  
AGO, YER **PARTNER**,  
Mr. **MURDOCK** -- WHEN  
THE TWO OF YA RAN  
THAT **STOREFRONT**  
**PRACTICE** -- WELL, HE  
**TURNED** MY LIFE  
**AROUND**,  
HE **DID**.

HE BELIEVED  
IN ME **SO MUCH**  
THAT I STARTED  
BELIEVIN' IN  
MYSELF.

HE EVEN  
MADE A FEW  
**CALLS**, HELPED ME  
GET MY **HIGH-SCHOOL**  
**EQUIVALENCY** TEST.  
I KIND OF LOST  
TOUCH WITH HIM  
AFTER THAT.

NOW I'M A  
**DOCK FOREMAN**  
OVER AT **D.R.C.**..  
IT'S A TOUGH JOB,  
BUT A **HONEST**  
ONE.

SO WHAT  
I'M **SAYIN'** IS,  
ANY FRIEND OF  
Mr. **MURDOCK'S**  
A **FRIEND** OF  
MINE.

AMAZING.

SOMETIMES I FORGET  
HOW **AMAZING** A HUMAN  
BEING MY **BEST FRIEND**  
IS -- EVEN WITHOUT  
"SUPER  
**POWERS."**

THAT'S A **GREAT STORY**,  
MOXY.

I'LL BE SURE TO  
**RELATE** IT TO **MATT**...  
WHEN I SEE HIM  
AGAIN.

NOW, IF YOU HAPPEN TO  
HEAR **ANYTHING** ABOUT  
**DAREDEVIL**, ANYTHING  
AT ALL...?

YOU'LL  
BE THE **FIRST**  
**GUY** WHAT I  
CALL.

IT'S THE  
**LEAST** I  
CAN DO.

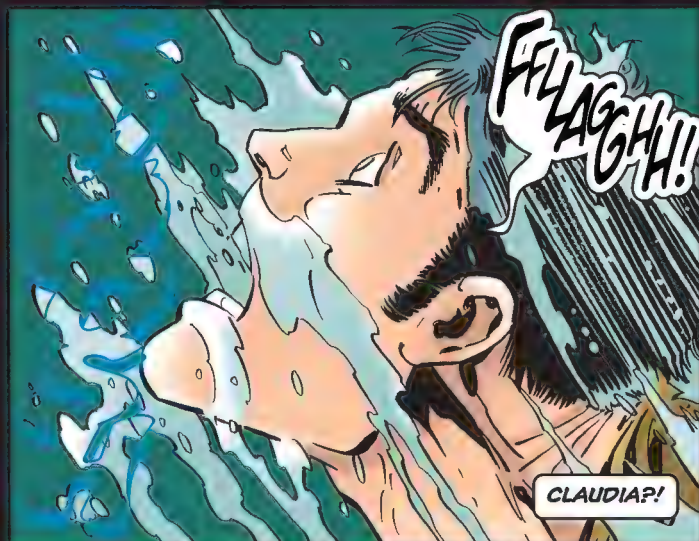
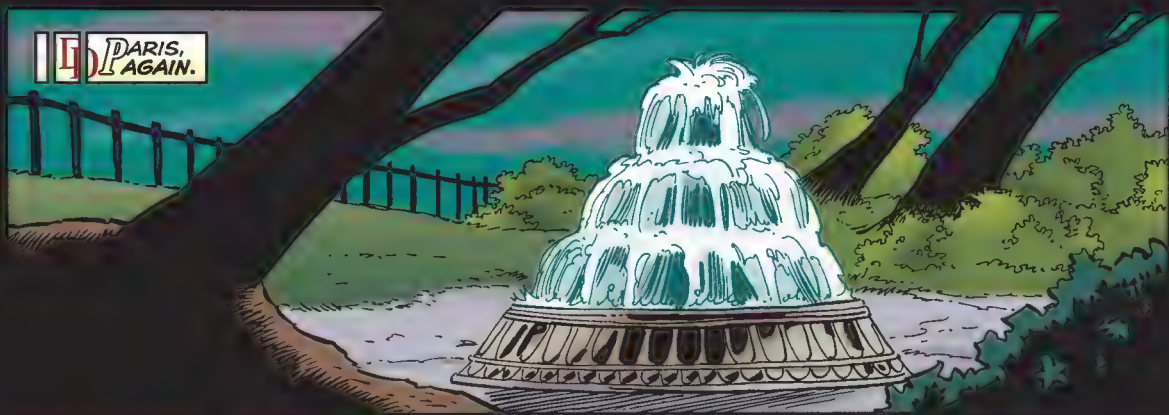
BUY YA  
A **BEER**, Mr.  
**NELSON**?

IT'S  
**FOGGY**. AND  
**THANKS**.

LOOKING FOR  
**DAREDEVIL**, HUH?  
Hmmm.



LE PARIS, AGAIN.

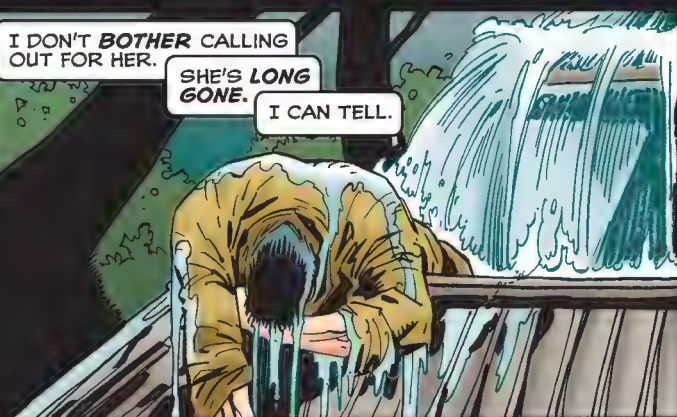


CLAUDIA?!

I DON'T **BOTHER** CALLING  
OUT FOR HER.

SHE'S LONG  
GONE.

I CAN TELL.



THAT ANSWERS  
THE **BIG QUESTION**,  
THOUGH.

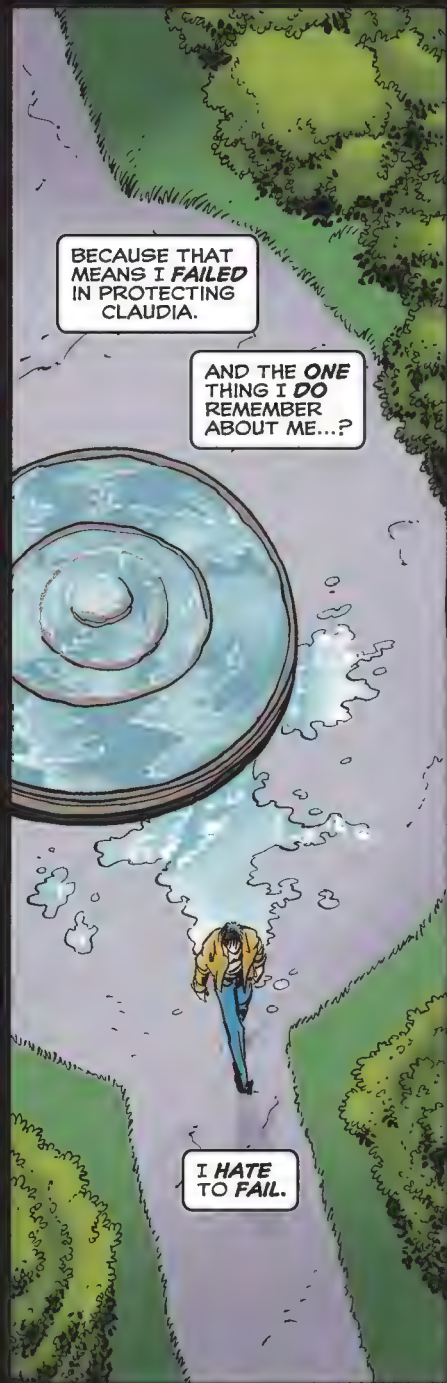
THEY WEREN'T  
OUT TO **KILL ME**.

**THEIR**  
MISTAKE.



BECAUSE THAT  
MEANS I **FAILED**  
IN PROTECTING  
CLAUDIA.

AND THE **ONE**  
THING I **DO**  
REMEMBER  
ABOUT ME...?



I **HATE**  
TO **FAIL**.



**NOT TOO FAR AWAY...**



HERE SHE IS, MONSIEUR --

Eh?



-- THE WOMAN WHO HAS MANAGED TO PLACE ALL OUR PLANS IN JEOPARDY.

FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, SHE HAD SOMETHING OF A DEFENDER AGAINST YOUR NINJAS.

IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO LAURENT...



LET US NOT WASTE TIME ON IDLE THREATS, Dr. DuBOIS.

INSTEAD, USE WHAT LITTLE REMAINING BREATH YOU HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT IT IS YOU'VE INADVERTENTLY LEARNED ABOUT MY MOST RECENT ENDEAVOR.


BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



I KNOW.

IRONIC, ISN'T IT?





IF NOT FOR  
**MY NAME**  
ABOVE THE  
**MAILDROP** --

-- I HAVE VERY  
LITTLE **INDICATION**  
THAT THIS IS  
**MY APARTMENT.**

IT DOESN'T  
**FEEL MUCH**  
LIKE HOME.

AND  
**THIS?**

THIS...  
**UNIFORM?**

COULD THIS HAVE  
**SOMETHING** TO DO  
WITH **UNLOCKING**  
THE **SECRETS**  
OF MY PAST?

IT'S **ALMOST** LIKE I CAN  
**TASTE MY LIFE** ON THE  
**TIP OF MY TONGUE.**

**RIGHT**  
**THERE...**

...BUT  
**NOT.**

MAYBE **THIS**  
WILL HELP.





NO. THIS ISN'T EXACTLY RIGHT.

I'M NOT EVEN TALKING ABOUT THE COSTUME -- AS IF IT IS OFF SOMEHOW.

NO. IT'S THE REFLECTION.

IS THAT WHAT'S DIFFERENT? IS THAT WHAT'S CONFUSING ME?

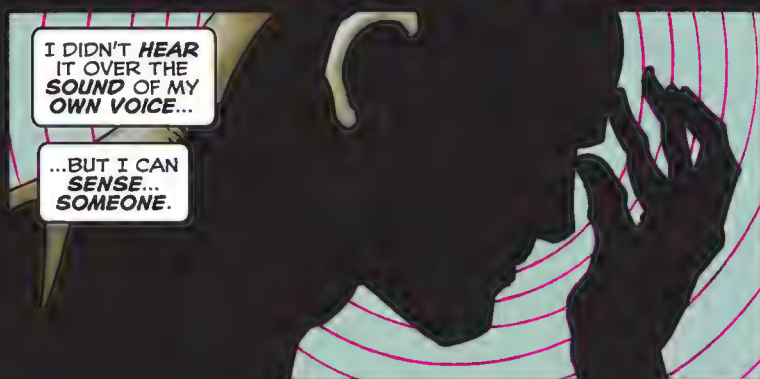
THAT I CAN SEE?

THAT I CAN SEE?



WHY IS THAT STRANGE?

WHY SHOULDN'T I BE ABLE TO SEE?



I DIDN'T HEAR IT OVER THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE...

...BUT I CAN SENSE... SOMEONE.

COMPANY.

WELL STEP RIGHT UP, MON AMI.



AFTER TONIGHT, I'M READY FOR ANYTHING.





**SKKRAASH**

OKAY.  
ALMOST  
ANYTHING.

SOME  
KIND OF...  
BATTERING  
RAM?!

**BOOM**

BUT  
WHO COULD  
BE HOLDING  
IT UP THIS  
HIGH...

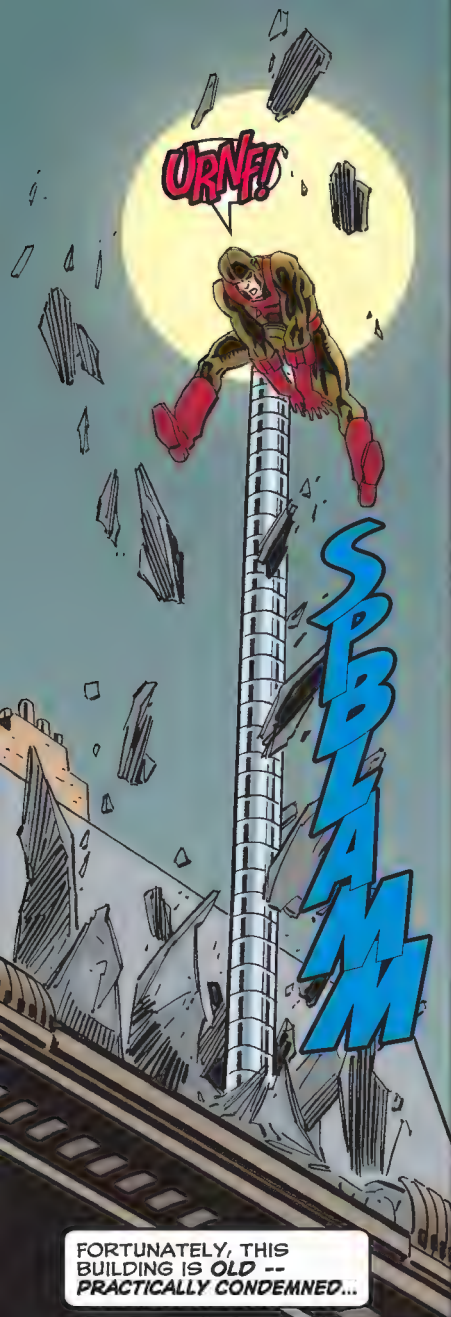
...LET ALONE  
RAMMING IT  
WITH SUCH  
EXPLOSIVE  
FORCE!

**BRAM**

I GUESS  
I'LL HAVE  
TO SAVE THE  
QUESTIONS  
UNTIL **WHEN**  
OR IF I  
SURVIVE!

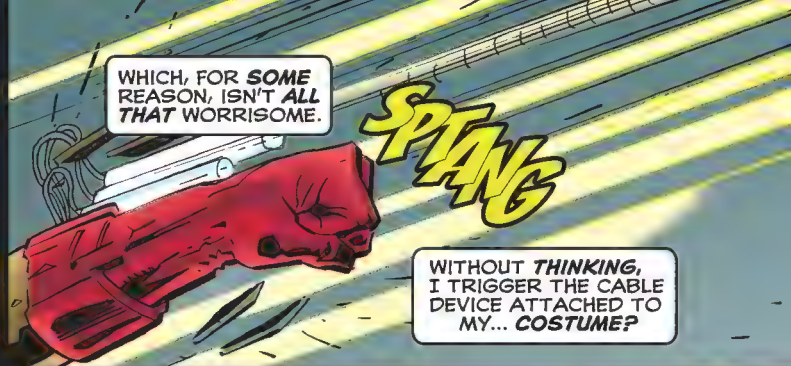
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I **USED**  
TO DO THIS SORT  
OF THING FOR A  
**LIVING!**





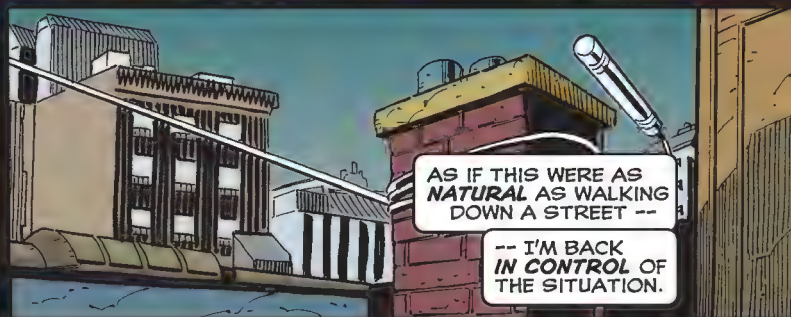
FORTUNATELY, THIS BUILDING IS OLD -- PRACTICALLY CONDEMNED...

...OR I'D HAVE A FEW BROKEN RIBS AND A LOT MORE TO WORRY ABOUT THAN BEING HURLED THROUGH THE ROOF AND INTO A FREE FALL.



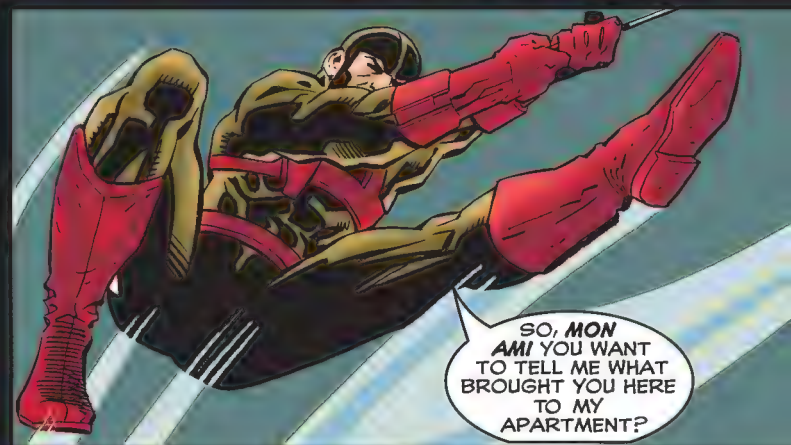
WHICH, FOR *SOME* REASON, ISN'T ALL THAT WORRISOME.

WITHOUT *THINKING*, I TRIGGER THE CABLE DEVICE ATTACHED TO MY... *COSTUME*?



AS IF THIS WERE AS NATURAL AS WALKING DOWN A STREET --

-- I'M BACK IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.



SO, *MON AMI* YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY APARTMENT?

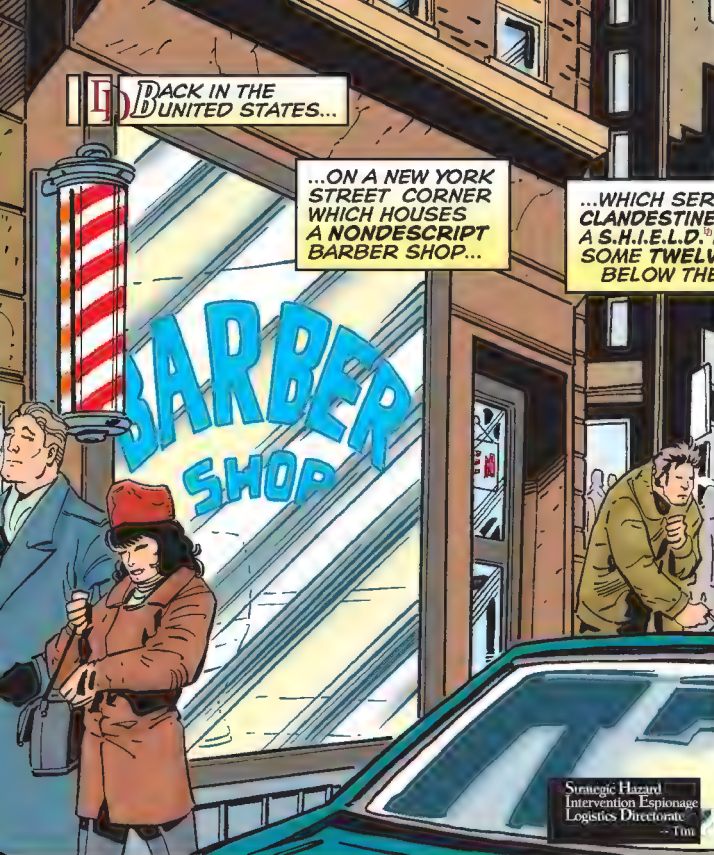


AFTER YOU'VE GOTTEN SOME AIR BACK INTO YOUR LUNGS, THAT IS.

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHY I'M HERE!

?!





**D**ACK IN THE UNITED STATES...

...ON A NEW YORK STREET CORNER WHICH HOUSES A NONDESCRIPT BARBER SHOP...

...WHICH SERVES AS THE CLANDESTINE ENTRANCE TO A S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS SOME TWELVE STORIES BELOW THE STREET...



INCREDIBLE.

I'VE TAKEN AGENT HARLAN'S COMPUTER APART AND PUT IT BACK TOGETHER NEARLY A DOZEN TIMES SINCE YESTERDAY'S UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT --

Strategic Hazard Intervention Espionage Logistics Directorate -- Tim

Last issue -- Tim

-- AND, AS IS S.H.I.E.L.D. STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE, I'VE MANAGED TO DECRYPT EVERY FILE BUT ONE.

OPERATION: "FLYING BLIND."

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

OPERATION: "FLYING BLIND"

WHAT COULD HARLAN HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THAT HE DIDN'T WANT ANY OF HIS SUPERIORS OR FELLOW AGENTS KNOWING ABOUT?

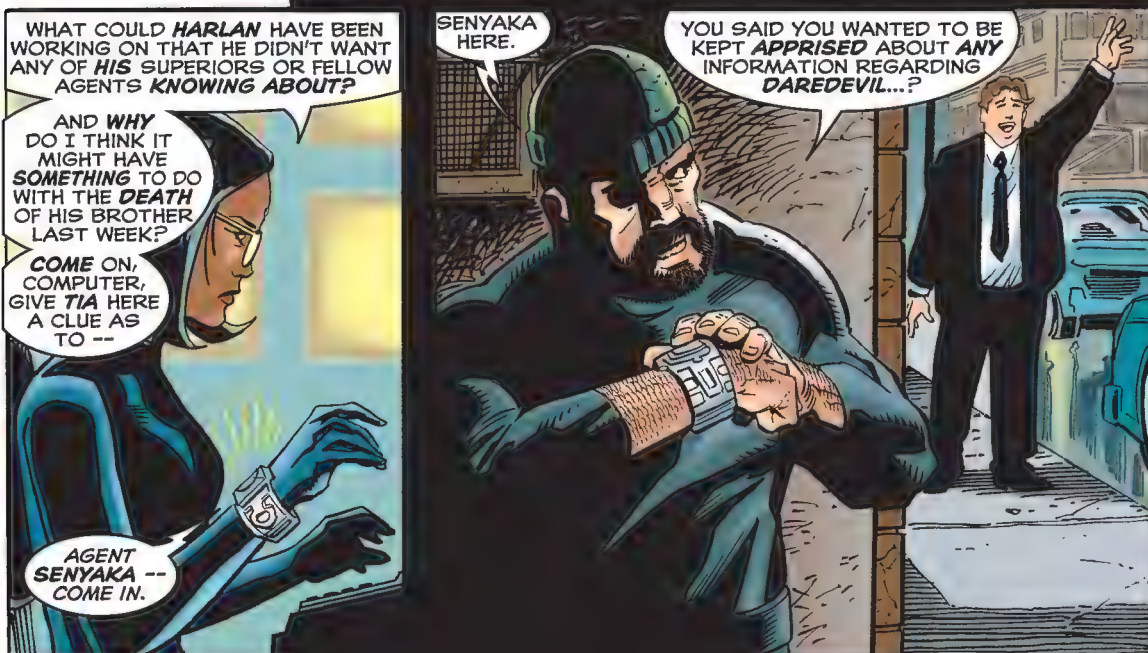
AND WHY DO I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER LAST WEEK?

COME ON, COMPUTER, GIVE TIA HERE A CLUE AS TO --


AGENT SENYAKA -- COME IN.

SENYAKA HERE.

YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE KEPT APPRISED ABOUT ANY INFORMATION REGARDING DAREDEVIL...?

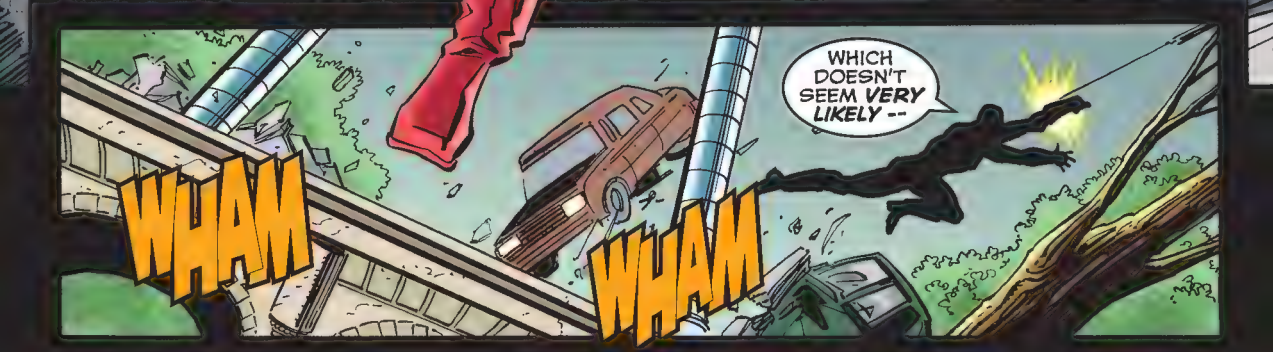







APPARENTLY, AN INTELLECTUALLY OPEN AND FREE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS IS NOT ON THE DOCKET TODAY.

NOT UNTIL, AT LEAST, "STILT MAN" HERE HAS CALMED DOWN ENOUGH TO TELL ME **WHAT** THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



WHICH DOESN'T SEEM VERY LIKELY --



-- UNLESS I'M THE ONE WHO DOES THE CALMING.



HOPE THIS WORKS...





THE **PLAN** IS. GET HIM **SO ANGRY** --

-- THAT HE DOESN'T **PAY ATTENTION** TO WHERE HE'S GOING.

**PLEASE,** THERE'S **NO REASON** FOR YOU TO RUN! I ONLY WANT TO --

WHA --?!

A **LONG SHOT** YES...



... ONE THAT **PAYS OFF!**

INTRIGUING. WHILE NEVER BEING WHAT I WOULD CONSIDER THE MOST **DEADLY** OF ALLIES --

-- **STILT MAN** CERTAINLY POSSESSES A **PEDIGREE** THAT INCLUDES **DAREDEVIL**, **SPIDER-MAN**, AND EVEN THE RELATIVELY SHORT-LIVED **CHAMPIONS**.®

**ANY** ADVERSARY CAPABLE OF TAKING HIM DOWN SO QUICKLY, IS CERTAINLY SOMEONE WORTH KEEPING AN **EYE ON**.



This L.A. based team of heroes was composed of **ANGEL**, **ICEMAN**, **HERCULES**, **BLACK WIDOW** AND **GHOST RIDER!** -- Time Capsule Tim!





BUT  
NOW TO THE  
MORE IMMEDIATE  
MATTER AT  
HAND.

MONSIEUR  
THRENADIER,  
UNTIL RECENTLY  
THE STILT MAN WAS  
AN INTEGRAL PART OF  
MY OPERATIONS  
HERE IN PARIS.

FOR...  
**PERSONAL**  
**REASONS...**  
HE HAS OPTED  
TO TURN HIS  
BACK ON  
ME.

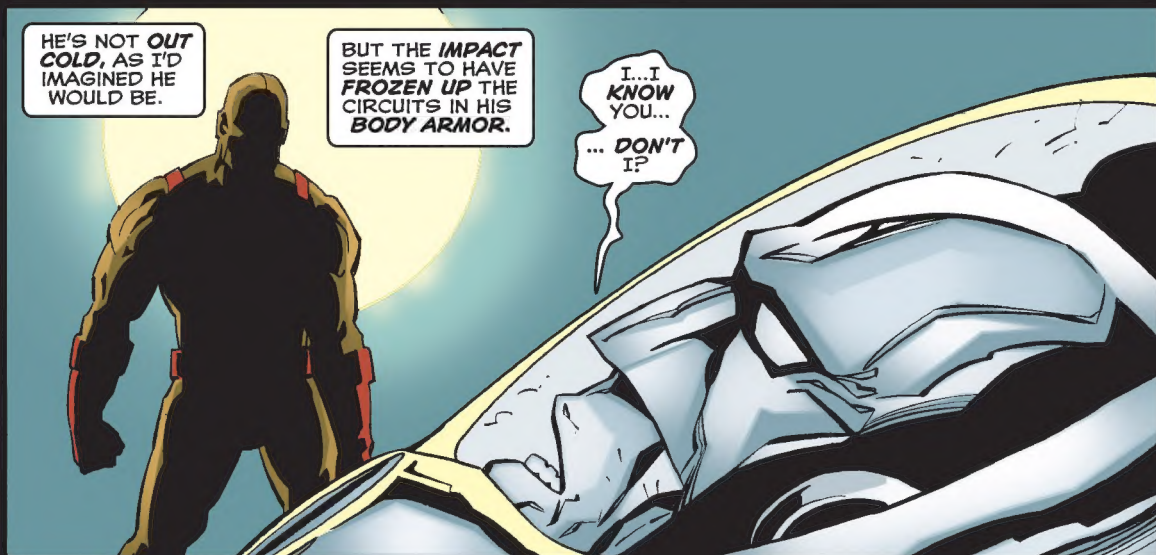
**NEVER** A  
GOOD IDEA,  
EVEN UNDER  
THE **BEST**  
OF CIRCUM-  
STANCES.

CERTAINLY A  
**DEADLY MISTAKE**  
WHEN YOU CONSIDER I  
AM ONLY **HERE** IN EUROPE  
IN THE FIRST PLACE IN  
ORDER TO BETTER  
SECURE MY BUSINESS  
VENTURES.

HOW  
MAY I BE OF  
**ASSISTANCE**,  
Mr. FISK?

BRING  
ME **MAX**.

**NOW.**

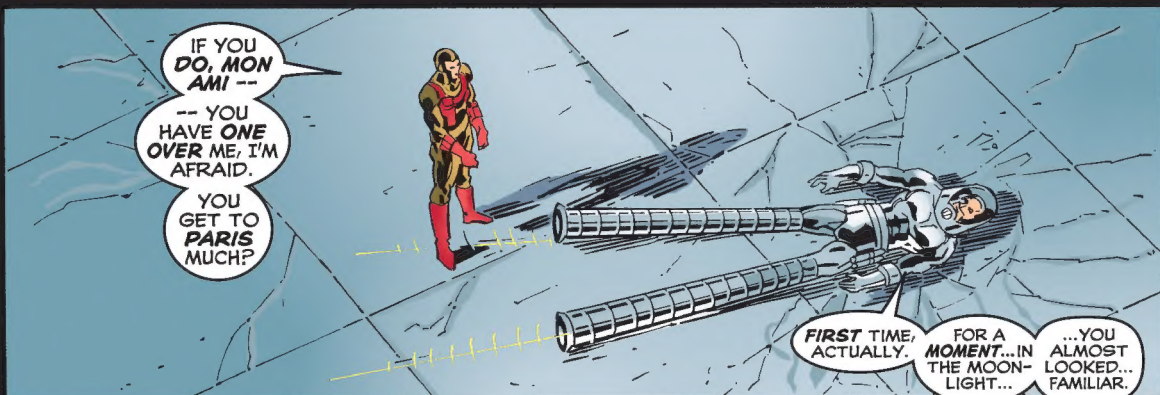


HE'S NOT **OUT**  
**COLD**, AS I'D  
IMAGINED HE  
WOULD BE.

BUT THE **IMPACT**  
SEEMS TO HAVE  
**FROZEN UP** THE  
CIRCUITS IN HIS  
**BODY ARMOR.**

I...I  
**KNOW**  
YOU...  
... **DON'T**  
I?





IF YOU  
DO, MON  
AMI --  
-- YOU  
HAVE ONE  
OVER ME, I'M  
AFRAID.  
YOU  
GET TO  
PARIS  
MUCH?

FIRST TIME,  
ACTUALLY.

FOR A  
MOMENT...IN  
THE MOON-  
LIGHT...

...YOU  
ALMOST  
LOOKED...  
FAMILIAR.



LOOK, *Um*...STILT  
MAN? YOU NEED  
TO REST.

YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
BE *OKAY* IN  
A LITTLE  
WHILE.

ON THE *CONTRARY*. I'M  
GOING TO BE DEAD  
ANY MOMENT.

SEE, I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN *SOMETHING*  
OF A *SECOND STORY*  
GUY -- SOMEONE WHO  
WAS IN *BUSINESS*  
FOR MYSELF.

I MADE MY  
OWN RULES...  
WAS MY OWN  
BOSS.



ONE THING I'D  
NEVER DO WAS  
MURDER A  
PERSON...

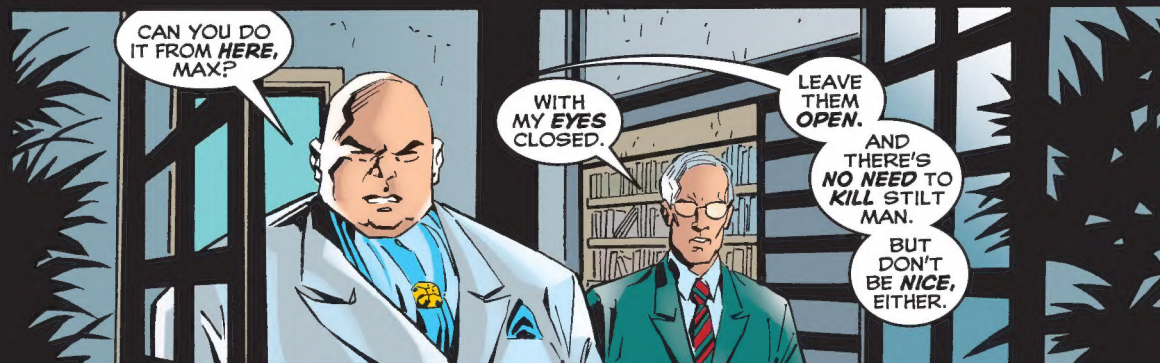
...*JUST* FOR  
BEING IN THE  
WRONG PLACE AT  
THE *WRONG*  
TIME.



THAT'S WHAT  
HE WANTS  
TO DO...

...TO A  
DOCTOR NAMED  
*CLAUDIA*  
*DuBOIS*.

?!



CAN YOU DO  
IT FROM *HERE*,  
MAX?

WITH  
MY EYES  
CLOSED.

LEAVE  
THEM  
OPEN.

AND  
THERE'S  
NO NEED TO  
KILL STILT  
MAN.

BUT  
DON'T  
BE *NICE*,  
EITHER.





WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

WHO IS TRYING TO KILL OUR **MUTUAL FRIEND**?

WHAT HAS HE **DONE** WITH HER?

HIS NAME IS **WILSON F.** --



?!

**THOUSANDS** OF VOLTS OF **ELECTRICITY** --

**AUGH!**

-- **COURSING** THROUGH HIS **BRAIN**!



IT'S AS IF **EVERY SYNAPSE** IN HIS BODY WAS **TRIGGERED** AT THE **SAME MOMENT**!

**BUT HOW?!**



HE'LL **LIVE**, **THAT** MUCH I'M SURE OF.

BUT IN HIS **CURRENT STATE** HE'S IN NO POSITION TO **TALK**, LET ALONE HELP ME FIND **CLAUDIA**.

I HAVE **NO IDEA** WHO THIS "**WILSON F.**" IS --

-- BUT SO **HELP ME**, HE HAS A LOT TO ANSWER FOR.



AND **ONE THING'S** FOR SURE...

...HE'S JUST MADE AN **ENEMY FOR LIFE**.

**NEED WE SAY IT? TO BE CONTINUED, TRUE BELIEVER!**